

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



BOBBY PEEL EMERGES FROM THE FALLEN HUT.

## THE BLACK TROOPERS.

### CHAPTER VI.—ON THE TRAIL.

WHEN the troopers passed through the camp, each man gave a sharp look at the miamis, to see that no blacks remained. These were merely sheets of bark, or boughs set up on end, so as to form a sloping wall between the fires and the wind, so that they could not conceal anybody. Owing to the haste apparently with which the blacks had sprung up, one of these miamis had got knocked down, and the boughs

had fallen on the fire in front, where the leaves, damp with the rain which had fallen, were smouldering. Beneath these fallen boughs, and running the risk of being burned to death, lay hidden the black Walters so much wished to capture. He had had the presence of mind, on the alarm being given, to roll himself close to the fire, and lying flat under his blanket, to knock away the prop which supported the bark and boughs of his miami; and as I rode up to the camp from the creek, for I had remained behind the troop, having no desire to be other than

a mere spectator, Bobby Peel, dressed once more in cotton shirt, jacket, and trousers, was just rolling himself from beneath them.

My first impulse was to detain him, but he gave me such an appealing, eloquent look, that I hesitated. I remembered what Stevenson had told me as to the infamous treatment endured by this man's tribe: how Peel's first experience of white men was being fired on when awaiting the approach of a party of overlanders who came near; making signs of friendship until within range, when they delivered a volley which killed his father and two brothers. Old Toby had often shown me the patch of reeds he and Peel, then a lad, took shelter in on that occasion. I had warned Stevenson I would not in any way aid in the capture, even if I saw them escaping. In the short time I had been on the run, I had mingled much with them, had taken long shooting and botanical excursions with two of these very murderers, and been of service to them professionally; for European disease was rife amongst their miamis, and that they were grateful to me I could easily see by the gleam of pleasure which lightened up their visages when "doc, doc," as they called me, appeared amongst them. Moreover, as I looked round, there seemed no possibility of escape for Peel. The mallee and swamp were guarded, and across the plain he could not move unseen. Was it for me to hasten the miserable creature's doom by a few minutes? I could not do it; and when the black, raising himself on his elbow, after a keen look at the troop, at that moment in full career after his countrymen, pushed the wet boughs farther on to the fire, so as to raise a dense smoke, which the high wind blowing carried along the ground, and ran unobserved under its shelter to the reeds, I did not interfere to prevent him.

A very short time, however, elapsed before Walters was on his track. Not finding him with the rest, and suspecting what had actually occurred, he galloped down to the camp, and his men soon found the footmarks of the fugitive in the wet grass. But upon following these through the swamp, the bird was flown. Peel had crept to the margin of the creek, and there seeing the sentry by the mallee, instantly suspected that the upper swamp also was guarded, for he knew well the number of the troop. His only resource then was to enter the bed of the creek, and run down it until near enough to the point where the scrub approached its banks, to afford him a chance of reaching it before being overtaken. This was, as I said above, only a thousand yards or so away in a straight line, but by the creek bed, owing to its great winding, the distance was nearly doubled. To succeed, he required a far longer start than Walters's vigilance had left him, for not many minutes had elapsed from the time he had disappeared in the reeds, before the lieutenant had sent troopers down to guard the bed of the watercourse and the plain on both sides; after which he put three expert trackers on the trail. Then riding to where Stevenson and I were patching up two or three wounded blacks—for in spite of all his injunctions and efforts, some of his men would use their weapons—and hastily ordering the prisoners to be taken to the head station, whither Harris also went to bring the spring cart for one of the wounded men who had bled very much, he invited me to join him in the hunt; for I had in the course of conversation the previous night expressed a wish to witness a specimen of the tracking

powers of his men. I eagerly consented, not only because I was desirous of seeing exercised some of those keen faculties which the savage possesses in such perfection, but because I somehow felt a great interest in the fate of the miserable fugitive, and wished to be present to witness the result of the chase, whatever it might be, whether escape or capture. I could not help secretly hoping, as I noted the eager and ardent way in which his own countrymen set to work to hunt him down, that the poor wretch might escape. But there was, to all appearance, but small hope of that.

The creek down the bed of which the fugitive had fled, was not an *ana* branch of the Murray, but one of the ordinary watercourses called by that name in Australia, which is, however, only properly applicable to an inlet of the sea. A raging torrent in winter, it was in summer a succession of "water-holes" or pools, with spaces of dry ground between them. Some of these waterholes were from fifty to a hundred yards in length—a few much larger, but in general they resembled small ponds—the breadth being some forty or fifty feet. In depth many greatly exceeded this. The banks were fringed with the "yarra" trees, which almost invariably, even when they are passing through plains otherwise treeless, margin the smaller watercourses of Australia, and which in this particular creek grew more closely than usual together at that level of the bank reached by the floods in winter time. Unlike the generality of Australian timber, which shoots up to a considerable height before giving off any branches, these yarra-trees in form more often resemble those of English growth (such as the oak); the trunk, gnarled and stunted, dividing at a few feet into large branches, the inner ones growing with an inclination downwards towards the water, into which at flood time their ends often dip. From the black's camp to the out-station hut, a mile off, the course of the creek somewhat resembled the letter S.

We soon overtook the trackers, who had not much difficulty in following, as the fugitive had not had time to resort to any elaborate artifices. At one spot he had taken to the water, and some time passed before the place where he left it could be ascertained. The margin of that particular waterhole was rocky in some places. A slight drizzling rain had continued to fall, but beneath the trees the ground as yet was comparatively dry. The drippings from the fugitive's clothes would quickly betray his passage, but none such could be seen. It was concluded that he lay hidden in a patch of reeds which grew in a shallow part of the water at one end, and search was being made there by two of the blacks as we rode up. The third, however, more cunning than the rest, instead of joining them, ascended on to the plain, and commenced making casts round about in the neighbourhood. At first he also was unsuccessful, but in working his way round the waterhole he caught sight of a tuft of pretty thick bushes, some thirty feet or so out. Instantly he ran up to them, as if pretty certain of there finding what he was looking for, and stooping, he drew out a couple of dead, flattened, bushy boughs. Beneath these were the footmarks of the hunted man.

The bush in Australia is everywhere littered with dead trees and branches; the beds of the creeks, in particular, where they are torn from the banks and deposited in heaps by floods. The leaves of one small bushy species adhere most tenaciously, for months after death, and are not easily broken. Pick-

ing up two of these as he fled, and keeping them dry as he entered the water and swam, Peel had placed them on the dry, rocky part of the bank. Hastily pressing and squeezing as much moisture as possible out of his clothes, he had lifted himself out upon them, and allowed them to receive the droppings from his person. Shifting one before the other, and always keeping upon them, he had ascended the bank, and in this manner reached the tuft of bushes without leaving any moisture or footprint to betray him. We found that the bend of the creek at this spot would hide him from view.

After leaving the tuft of bushes, he had run for some distance at full speed, and again descended into the bed. Upon coming to that part where it approached the mallee sufficiently close to enable the fugitive, had he left the creek, to reach the scrub before the horseman on watch could overtake him, the trackers found that the traces still continued to keep within the banks. By this they were sure that he had not had time to try it, and that Walters had been too quick for him. His resorting to these artifices was another proof, and the trackers now proceeded cautiously, for fear he should double on them and take the back track.

We at length came to a waterhole of great size, being nearly three hundred yards in length, and in parts very broad. Along the side of this the tracks led for a good distance, and then suddenly disappeared. The mallee came closer here than in any other part; and the trooper on sentry there was riding up and down in its front. He examined the ground where he was; and the blacks with us, thinking that by chance he might have dodged in unobserved by the sentry, examined the plain in their own vicinity; but no marks could be seen. The fugitive had evidently taken to the water. But had he left it, and how? was the question; for, search as they would, not a mark to indicate the whereabouts of his exit could be seen. The long, dry summer had sunk the water so much that on both sides a broad margin of damp clay bank extended, which would have quickly betrayed his passage; and the blacks had soon ascertained that Peel had not repeated his former ruse. They decided, therefore, that he was still in the water, concealed; and that, moreover, there was another black concealed there with him.

The farther end of the larger lagoon was connected by a narrow, shallow strait, a few feet wide, with a smaller one; and on walking round this, one of the troopers had come upon some other tracks, which also led to the margin of the pool, and there disappeared. An examination of these soon led to the decision that they had very recently been made, that they were the footmarks of a black, and that it was *not* Peel. And upon examining the narrow strait of shallow water, they furthermore asserted that the individual, whoever he was, had passed through it hurriedly on his way to the larger lagoon.

When Walters conveyed this information to the superintendent and myself, who were present, I was much surprised. I could not imagine how it could be possible for the men to be concealed in such a place.

"How can they tell that anybody has passed through this water?" I said to their commander. "It is only two or three feet deep, but the bottom is invisible, owing to the dark colour of the clay, and the shade cast by the trees."

"They examined the edge of it," he replied, "and found that a ripple or wave had recently washed over

the pebbles, grass, and clay of the bank for several inches. If he had walked *gently* through, the mark left would have been much slighter than if he had passed through in a hurry. This fellow rushed through in a hurry, evidently. Probably just then he caught sight of the troopers coming over the plain to station themselves by the scrub here, close by, and made for the larger water directly."

"Perhaps," I suggested, "the tracks are Peel's; made by walking backwards out of the water, to deceive you."

"He knew well he could not deceive the blacks that way," said Walters. "No! this is the track of a man running, and running fast. Doubtless it was one of the head-station blacks, from the public-house, who had heard or suspected something, and was coming to give the others warning, but was too late. Whoever he is, he is hidden somewhere in the water still, and Peel too, most likely."

"In the water?" I said, astonished.

"Yes! amongst the reeds."

"But," said I, "there *are* no reeds, or scarcely any; only those narrow strips, barely a yard or two in width, round the margin; and you can see right down into them from the banks, and detect any man's head above the surface, even if it were in the thickest patch I see hereabouts; for they are not more than ten or twelve inches above the water, at most."

"Yes; if they were such fools as to keep their heads *above* water," replied the lieutenant. "But these chaps are stowed away underneath."

"With their heads under water? What do you mean?"

"I mean that you might pass this lagoon, walk round its banks, and look as closely as you will down upon those scanty reeds fringing the margin,—you will see nothing, and hear nothing but the rustling of the wind in the leaves! And yet a hundred blacks might be lying hidden there all the time! And so closely will they be concealed that a flock of wild ducks might alight and see nothing to startle them, so solitary and quiet will be the aspect of the place!"

"How can they manage it?"

"Simply enough! Almost every one of them keeps about him, concealed in his thick, bushy hair, a piece of hollow reed tube. When closely pressed, they take to the water, and, diving beneath, thrust their heads into a patch of reeds. Turning on their backs first, they allow their faces to come near enough to the surface for the tube to project, and they breathe through it. The sharpest eye could not detect this, hidden as it is amongst the thick growth; and even without it, it would be impossible to detect their nostrils, which, in that case, they only allow to project above water. See!" he added; "they are groping for them."

Some spears had been brought from the deserted camp for this very purpose; and walking round the margin two of the troopers thrust these in all directions into the water, but for some time without any result; the other black continuing his search round the banks for the trail, in case they had after all left it. All at once, however, I noticed one of them, as he was bending forward, and probing with his weapon, slip and partly fall in. His spear had been jerked out of his hand, and a movement in the reeds betrayed the cause. Running up, I caught sight, for an instant, of the twinkling soles of the feet (which are much lighter coloured than the skin of the rest of the body) of the diver, as he proceeded

to swim under water to some other part of the lagoon. But his pursuers had also seen them, and had been able to follow, with their keener gaze, the passage of the dark body itself, which, after the first glimpse, was invisible to me, to its new hiding-place. There was not the slightest disturbance of the surface, or any greater movement amongst the wind-tossed reeds than was observable elsewhere on the waterhole, to betray its whereabouts, yet the blacks unerringly selected the spot, and with poised spears were about to thrust the unfortunate through, whoever he was, when Stevenson interposed.

"No, we must have none of that kind of work, Walters," he said; "get him out alive;" and after poking and following the fugitive to two or three different parts of the lagoon, finding it useless to persist, he at length popped his head above water, revealing to our gaze the features, not of Bobby Peel, but of the boy Pothook, whom we had left at home. Finding a brandy bottle on the shelf of our hut, his custodian had gone to get some water to mix himself a glass, thinking that as the boy was snoring he must be asleep; and the lad had seized the opportunity, slipped out, and made off, and was out of range before the hut-keeper had missed him. But Pothook was too late to warn his friends.

He was in mortal terror at finding himself in the hands of the dreaded troopers, and would not come out of the water until he had made Stevenson and me promise they should not kill him.

"Where Bobby Peel?" asked the superintendent, of the lad.

"Him pull away over yonder," he replied, pointing to the out-station hut, which was invisible, being hidden by some bushes out in the plain.

"Likely story that!" said the lieutenant, contemptuously. "It's no use asking him anything; he wants to get us away from here; and he'll lie till he's white in the face to do it. No! Peel is in this waterhole, I am positive. We shall have him presently, never fear! I *must* have that rascal this time; he has dodged me so often. But I think he won't slip through my fingers now!"

But "the rascal" seemed destined not to be caught. The blacks stripped and swam about the lagoon, groping amongst the remaining reeds, and now and then diving to take a look below, but in vain. Half an hour had altogether been spent in the search, and still there were no signs of the fugitive.

"I begin to think the boy may be speaking the truth after all," said the superintendent to me, "though why Peel should make for the hut, where the men hate him so much, is a puzzle to me. Surely he would not dare. I will ride across and see."

Just at that moment, however, we observed one of the blacks, who was coursing round the waterhole like a baffled bloodhound, suddenly stop, and look up at the branches of the trees which everywhere surrounded it. These had been examined by them upon first coming, in order to make sure that no boughs hung near enough to the surface for any swimmer to lift himself out by their aid. But the water was so low at this time that every branch was at first sight apparently too far out of reach. Finding no trace, however, on the broad clay margin on either side, the idea again suggested itself, and a more minute examination of the different trees was made; but the bough which approached the water most nearly was five or six feet from the surface, and

belonged to a tree which was situated on the side nearest to the hut. Jumping into the creek, however, the black above mentioned swam out until he came beneath it, and although the waterhole was at least fifty feet deep, to our surprise the man's body presently emerged until he stood up, and, reaching out his hands, grasped the bough and swung himself up on to it. The manner in which Peel had left the water was now made manifest. A large tree was there sunk,\* a bough of it coming to within a few inches of the surface. From the banks this was invisible, owing to the dark shade cast by the branches above; but the fugitive, who was familiar with every foot of the waterhole from infancy, had availed himself of it, and had landed on the side nearest to the hut, and away from the scrub.

The black scrambled along until he reached the trunk, and slipping down, looked at the ground at its foot. The grass along the edge of the plain above, for the breadth of a few feet back from the bank, had already been examined up and down the waterhole on his side, but without effect, and no tracks could now be seen at the foot of this particular tree. The black, however, again looking up, observed that a long bough projected out over the plain, and walking out to the end of this he again examined the ground. One glance was sufficient for him, although I could see nothing, and giving a cooey to the rest, who were still hunting in the bed of the creek, Walters and his companions joined him.

"Got it—track belongin' to Bobby," said the trooper, pointing to the ground, and trotting farther out on the plain towards the hut.

#### CHAPTER VII.—THE END OF THE CHASE.

"Now what dodge has the fellow been up to?" said Walters. "If he is skulking in this myrtle patch, hoping to double back to the creek, he is mistaken. Unless he has passed my men on the plain, which isn't likely, we'll soon have him."

I observed Stevenson looking round for Pothook, but that youth had prudently slipped off. We afterwards questioned him, as to what took place when he and Peel met each other. It seems that, cut off from his only chance, the scrub on one side of the creek, and informed, by the way, that the bed of it lower down was guarded, the black had for a few moments given up all hope of escape. He looked in despair between the trunks of the yarra-trees towards the out-station hut which lay a quarter of a mile off, hidden in a belt of myrtle and quandong bushes, some three or four hundred yards long, and extending across the bend so as to shut out the view of the great plain beyond. That plain, he knew, was carefully guarded, and, moreover, it led to the home station. But as he looked, he saw an object which excited a gleam of hope, and inspired him with a desperate resolve. The sunken tree was some distance back from where he stood, and to avoid showing his return traces he jumped into the water and swam to it, emerging in the manner described, while the boy took to the creek, intending to remain concealed under the surface until the danger which he fancied menaced himself passed by. In going towards the hut, Peel ran no danger of being seen by the black stationed by the mallee, for on such a level plain the yarra-trees which fringed the waterhole

\* The Australian woods, with a few exceptions, sink in water.

completely screened from those at a distance on one side whatever passed on the other side of the creek.

The open space between the part of the banks where we now stood, and the belt of small timber above mentioned, was less than a quarter of a mile, and while the blacks who had been swimming in the waterhole were dressing themselves, Walters galloped across it, and through the bushes and on to the large plain beyond, to see whereabouts his sentries were. He could see two who were riding up and down just within sight of each other, while between and beyond them, far out, was the shepherd with his flock. There was not a bush to conceal the view, and far away by the edge of the distant timber the blacks and their guard were still in sight, on their way to the home station. The timber opened opposite to him, and through this opening he could see miles away on to another plain beyond. The road from the punt to the upper part of the river passed that way, and came up to near where he stood, crossing the creek near the out-station hut, and going through a narrow portion of the mallee, which had been cleared for the purpose. On this road, at a considerable distance off, was a solitary horseman, apparently riding to the home station.

Meanwhile the blacks had again taken up the trail, which led straight to the brush in which the hut was concealed. Just before we reached the edge of this, Walters joined us again.

"I can't make the fellow out," he said; "he can't have crossed the plain; and if he is skulking here, we shall soon have him."

The sentry across at the mallee had been called over, and, with another man, now watched in the open to give notice if Peel doubled out and made back tracks for the creek again; and we proceeded to enter the bushes of quandong and myrtle. All at once there was a commotion amongst the trackers, who sprang to their horses, shouting something to Walters, who thereupon raged and stormed, and no wonder. The distant horseman he had a few minutes before seen was the very man he was after.

"Has either of your men here got a horse?" he asked the superintendent, hastily.

"Yes," replied Stevenson (who I suspected had been for some time aware of the trick Peel had played), "the shepherd has one. He bought it to shepherd his flock with on these level plains, as he was always losing his sheep. He is a very little man, and consequently could only see a short distance."

"But he hadn't it to-day, had he?"

"No. The fact is, he was taken in, knowing nothing about horses; and bought a thorough buck-jumper, who pitched him off as fast as he got on. And the brute won't let you catch him in hobbles; so, as he expects to sell it again, he keeps it tethered about the hut handy. I am afraid," added Stevenson to me, as Walters, too impatient to listen further, spurred on after his men—"I am afraid that vagabond has been up to some mischief. I hope Watkins, the hut-keeper here, is all right. Peel would be desperate, and not stick at a trifle in the fix he was in. I suspected what he had been up to."

"So I thought," I replied, as we rushed on after the trackers.

Just as they reached the hut door, a man was crawling out on his hands and knees. This turned out to be the hut-keeper, who was covered with blood, which had flowed from a wound on his head.

"Why, Bill! what's the matter?" said the superintendent; "did Peel do that?"

"Oh, is that you, Mr. Stevenson?" said the man, looking up at our party, and raising himself with difficulty. "Yes, it was; are you after him?"

"Yes, we are; but how came you to let him do that?"

"You had best put your men on his track at once, Mr. Walters. He's got King's horse."

"We know he has, the villain!" said Walters, as he directed the three trackers to follow instantly (Peel was still in sight, but soon disappeared in the timber), while he and the rest waited behind a few moments to hear the hut-keeper's account of the attack made on him, which he gave as I bound up his wound.

It appeared that while engaged in his usual morning work of shifting the hurdles, after the flock had gone out at daylight, he saw some one riding (as he thought) through the bushes towards his hut, and left his work to see who it was. To his surprise he found the shepherd's horse, which he himself had tethered out that morning at the edge of the myrtle, tied to the door, but immediately concluded that the man himself had come for it, as he was daily expecting to sell it; and that perhaps the intending purchaser had joined him while with his flock. He therefore entered the hut quite unsuspectingly, but it was apparently empty. While turning round, he was felled by a blow with his own gun; and staggering forwards, fell close to his bed. He was not entirely stunned, and instantly rolled himself underneath it. At first he thought that Peel (whom he had recognised) was going to drag him out and finish him, but the black was in too great a hurry. He stayed long enough, however, to saddle the horse, and load himself with the tea and sugar bags, as well as the flour and half a damper which was on the table. Moreover, the man found that he had taken down his looking-glass, which hung on a nail in the wall. His object in doing this was, that he might whiten his face with the dirty outside of the flour bag. With a cabbage-tree hat and a shooting coat which he put on, at a distance he would not look like a black, and he could pass the sentries unsuspected. In fact, we heard afterwards from them, that he went between them, walking, and leading his horse, and pretending to read an old newspaper he had picked up off the table in the hut. It was so natural that a passing horseman coming from higher up the river should call at the out-station—and he turned his whitened, or rather whitey-browed, face towards them both so coolly—that, disguised as he was in hat and coat, and having the horse as well, it was no wonder that, at several hundred yards distance, they should be deceived.

I felt rather queer when I saw the hut-keeper's condition, and reflected that, had he been killed, I should have been indirectly the cause of his death. And what if the black, driven to desperation, committed more murders? There was no chance now of their catching him. He was making straight for the large reed-bed, which extended miles down the river below the head station. "I don't see the use of following him any longer. He has got off clear!" said Stevenson, after we had gone some miles; "upon my word, he deserves his liberty too."

We at last reached the reeds, and followed the traces along their margin—thick timber with brush

being on our right. In passing the head station all but two of the most expert of the troopers were sent away. With these, the superintendent, Walters, and I, continued the chase, although with very slight hopes of capturing the fugitive, now that he had succeeded in reaching the neighbourhood of the reedy swamps which communicated with the main body of the mallee, extending in the direction of South Australia for hundreds of miles down the river.

"Dodged me once more!" said Walters. "Oh, if I had only thought of telling one of my men to call as he passed the hut where he stole the horse! We should have had him, for they would have been on the look-out. But now— What's the matter, Doolibut?"

The track had hitherto led for several miles in a straight line, parallel with the river; but now the leading black pulled up his horse, and looked about him. The hoof marks had changed their character and swerved from their former course, zigzagging in different directions; these signs indicating that a severe struggle had here taken place between the horse and his rider.

"His horse has been playing up!" said the superintendent. "These are the marks made by his hack jumping about. I wonder the beast went so far with the black on his back without doing so before, for he is a regular brute. No one on the station will ride him!"

It seemed, however, that Peel had conquered, for presently the tracks of the horse once more galloping were taken up, and we followed them on. But again we came to the marks of a struggle, and these increased in number at every mile or so, until we came to a place about half a mile from the scrub for which the black was making, and where the reeds and the timber, mingled with brush, approached each other closely. We were passing along a narrow, winding opening or path, between these, having the reeds on our left, when once more the leading black pulled up, and after a brief glance at the ground, dismounted.

The sandy, loose soil on which the trees grew, was margined by and intermingled with the soft boggy ground on which were the reeds, here five or six feet in height, and very dense. The spot was thickly overgrown with ferns and small bushes, which in several places were broken and trampled, while the ground was deeply imprinted with hoof marks. Besides these, however, the blacks evidently saw other signs; for pointing to one particular place, and speaking eagerly to each other, they stooped down to examine it more narrowly; and then walking on a few steps, came to the foot of an immense tree, which, growing on the very margin of the swamp, had one portion of its roots bathed by its waters, there being hardly room for a man to pass between the reeds and the trunk on that side. On the other were some bushes, which concealed the view immediately beyond.

"Why, there is the horse!" said the superintendent, suddenly, pointing to the right amongst the trees. "He has left it, and taken to the swamp on foot. He's safe now."

The two blacks paused and raised themselves up as he spoke; and, following the direction in which Stevenson pointed, one of them walked forward a few paces to look. He stood a single instant, and was in the act of turning to rejoin his companion, when a puff of smoke rose beyond the bushes, we

heard a report, and saw him fall to the earth. He was shot right through the heart.

The other trooper, knowing that Peel's gun was a single barrel, and that he had now no charge left, ran round the bushes to fire; and Stevenson and I rode in the same direction. Beyond these bushes was a small open space, margined on one side by a pool of water. Half in this water and half out lay an immense prostrate tree; and sitting on the ground, leaning his back against this, was Bobby Peel. He knew that his last hour was come, for he had evidently made up his mind to die. He had delayed too long leaving his horse, for the animal had at length succeeded in throwing him; and in the fall he came on one of the roots of this large tree, and his leg was broken. He had dragged himself round to the edge of the pool, probably for the purpose of obtaining a drink of water, to assuage the thirst which is always the greatest torture in such calamities.

The dead tree against which he was leaning was of that kind of Eucalyptus the bark of which is cellular, and very thick. This bark had peeled off the trunk, and lay in great hard, dry flakes by its side; and the black had employed himself in breaking up this heavy, brittle material into pieces about the size of a cheese-plate. Several heaps thus prepared lay ready to his hand on both sides of him. He was busy in reloading his gun; and for a few moments, from my horse's back, I had an opportunity of noticing these particulars, for, owing to the dense brush which surrounded the place in which he was, it was some little time before the troopers could fairly approach him.

"Take him alive, Mr. Walters," I urged. "Don't let your fellow shoot him. Tell him to surrender, and lay down his gun, Stevenson."

But Walters was naturally much incensed at the loss of his man, and felt very little inclination to do anything of the kind; and to the superintendent's summons the black replied by a volley of curses and imprecations against all white men,—in the midst of which the trooper fired, and the ball passed through Peel's chest.

The gun, which was nearly reloaded, fell from his hands, and Walters dismounted and walked forward to take possession of it. But the moment he appeared within the little open space the black, seizing a handful of the pieces of heavy bark, hurled them edgeways at his head and face with a rapidity and certainty of aim perfectly wonderful. The first piece he flung struck Walters across the forehead, and piece followed piece in such quick succession that the lieutenant was compelled to turn his back while he drew and cocked his pistol. For some time he found it impossible to aim, so unerringly did the missiles come rapping at him; but when at length he fired the black fell dead.

Years have passed, but all the incidents of that exciting and tragic chase are still fresh in my memory. The fierce strength of that last terrible effort almost appalled us, and we were loud in our regrets that so much skill and endurance should come to such an end. Times have changed since then, but it remains a reproach to our civilisation that the aboriginal races are fast vanishing before it. At the same time, there is cause for thankfulness that the efforts of Christian benevolence have not been in vain on behalf of the natives. There are still occasional outrages, but reckless treatment of the blacks is now held in check by a healthier public opinion.

## TEA AND THE TEA TRADE.

FROM A COMMERCIAL POINT OF VIEW.

As an article of commerce, and also as an article of every-day use and consumption, no commodity can compare with tea. When we use the word compare, we mean in the rapidity of its growth in the world of commerce, and also as a revenue-producing article. Only a quarter of a century ago the imports into our country were comparatively small—in fact, infinitesimally small, compared to what they are to-day.

The consumption of tea regularly increases. The reduction of duty to the rate of sixpence in the pound tended to increase the consumption, and what is more singular, the revenue has not suffered to the extent from the reduction that would have been supposed. The duty paid into the revenue last year was upwards of two and a half millions of pounds sterling.

The tea seasons of past years have been in China unusually large. The season of 1868-9 proved a very extraordinary one, the hurrying forward of the shipments exceeding anything known in times past. That of the year 1868 will be found to surpass all previous returns. The rise from 128,028,726lbs. imported in 1867, to 154,845,863lbs. in 1868 (which gives an increase of 26,817,137lbs., or twenty-one per cent.), is not perhaps so astonishing as the increase of 15,235,819lbs., or ten per cent. on the return for 1866, which gave the largest quantity ever up to that time imported; nor can the same explanation be given for this increase in 1868, that was obviously applicable to the rise in 1866, viz., that a great stimulus had been given to the importation by the then recent reduction of duty from one shilling to sixpence, on the 1st June, 1865.

We may, however, attribute, in some measure, this vast importation of 1868 to the state of the stocks in hand at the close of 1867, which owing to the largely increased consumption of that year were unusually low, as may be seen from the following bonded warehouse account of stock of tea remaining on 31st December in each year:—

1866.	1867.	1868.
100,370,658lbs.	84,094,438lbs.	96,509,805lbs.

and partly also, perhaps, to the eager speculation which now takes place in the purchase of the new crop in China, and prompts the forwarding of very large shipments for the purpose of being first in the market, without sufficient regard to quality, or to the profit to be realised at home.

Perhaps in no department of trade in Great Britain has there been more speculation than in the tea trade during the last few years. The great tea race of the clipper ships from Chinese ports to our own country, has been the cause at times of much excitement, not without betting as keen as on any racecourse. The merchants of London offering a certain amount of royalty per ton on the first arrival in the Thames, or rather the first ship to clear and get into one of the docks, acted as an inducement to the captains and crews of the various vessels sailing from Chinese ports to put all force on to get first into port.

The consuming powers of the community in the article of tea are of course affected, indirectly, but most seriously, by all influences that produce a depressed condition of trade. An unfavourable state

of the money market, a restricted demand for goods, and a prevalence of unremunerating prices—such influences operating on the employers of labour, react upon the masses of the manufacturing and labouring classes, producing slackness of employment, low rates of wages, and consequent distress. As a consequence, the returns for home consumption of tea have not been as promising as they have been, for the last three or four years. In 1867 the amount of tea entered for home consumption in Great Britain was 111,059,387lbs.; in 1868, 106,918,069lbs., showing a decrease of 4 per cent. in 1868. And not only in tea was there a decrease, but also in two other articles of considerable importance, being generally consumed by all classes of the community, viz., sugar and coffee. The first-named commodity, sugar, unrefined, showed a decrease of 1 per cent.; refined sugar, 3 per cent., in the consumption of 1868 as compared with 1867, and coffee 3 per cent. decrease, notwithstanding the increase of population. The decrease in tea and sugar is but slight in proportion to the quantities consumed, although in sugar it extends to both the refined and unrefined quantities. But in both instances the consumption of 1868 exceeds that of 1866; in the case of tea by 4 per cent., and in that of sugar, unrefined, by 5 per cent. These statements are all borne out by the thirteenth report of the Commissioners of her Majesty's Customs.

The amount of revenue collected in the United Kingdom on tea for the year ended 31st December, 1868, was £2,670,629. Of this amount of revenue 68·1 per cent. was received in the port of London in 1868, as against 66·1 per cent. in 1867; and the price of tea in bond has been a trifle higher in the year 1868 than in 1867. Moreover it will be seen that London is the great centre and *entrepôt* of the tea trade. The imports of tea for 1868 show that the percentage of import taken by London was 98·99; by Liverpool ·98., and by ports other than London or Liverpool, ·03.

Though we are now touching on the Customs revenue derived from one article of consumption only, tea, we may mention that the sum total of the revenue derived from Customs during 1868 was £24,389,963, and the charge of collecting this vast sum was £793,413, or at the rate of £3 5s. 1d. per cent., a rate, we are justified in saying, as low, or in fact lower, than the leading merchants of the City of London get their work done for. Thus proving that the government of the country does not pay a higher rate than outside persons in trade, nor indeed as high; and further, that there are seldom or never any defalcations in the accounts of the Crown, which certainly cannot be said for those outside the pale of Crown supervision.

London is the great centre of the tea trade. In order that the great mass of tea may get into circulation from the bonded warehouses of the Crown, it is necessary that the goods should go through certain forms prescribed by law. The number of documents that passed through the tea department in 1868 were the following:—Duty paid warrants, 388,647; removals, exports and stores, 60,149; letters of advice written to outports, 47,838; and certificates of arrival received, 47,838; giving a grand total of 544,472

documents\* passed through the tea department in one year, documents affecting the revenue of the country to the extent of millions sterling; and from this mass of papers and business transacted the revenue has not been a loser to the extent of a single shilling.

The increase of the tea trade has been something fabulous: the amount imported into the United Kingdom in 1853 was  $70\frac{1}{4}$  millions of pounds; in 1868 it was  $154\frac{3}{4}$  millions, or considerably more than double in sixteen years, and we believe that the tea trade is even yet only comparatively in its infancy.

### WASHINGTONIANA.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was a scion of an undoubtedly ancient and aristocratic family. Irving traces his descent from William de Hartburn, a knight who held estates in the Palatinate of Durham by the gift of William the Conqueror. Among the members of the family one married a sister of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; another married a Shirley, Earl Ferrers. His great grandfather, John Washington, emigrated to Virginia with his brother in 1657, where he acquired large landed estates near what is now the American capital, which were in turn inhabited by the general and president.

In relating such anecdotes as I have been able to gather, it is well to keep in mind that Washington was born and brought up in the family of a rich, aristocratic, country gentleman, and in a section of America where had been reproduced more nearly than in any other part the feudal, aristocratic customs and feelings of England.

George had an excellent father in Augustine Washington, who was a model and widely-beloved country squire, and a not less excellent elder brother in Lawrence Washington, who was a most popular and leading young man in the county. The brothers loved each other tenderly, and, although one was fourteen years older than the other, they were constant companions. Lawrence had great military taste and passion, which was hereditary in the family; and it was through him that George was first attracted to the profession of arms. At first his mother, who was left a widow in 1742, seems to have designed for him a commercial career, and there is still preserved at Mount Vernon a cyphering book, full of copy writing, "nondescript birds, executed with a flourish of the pen, or profiles of faces, probably intended for those of his schoolmates." He was very fond of athletic exercises and physical sports, as befitted the son of a Virginia squire, and a place is still pointed out near Fredericksburg where, when a boy, he flung a stone across the

Rappahannock; he was also noted for his excellent horsemanship. At school he was the leader of his mates, both as their military captain in their drillings, and as their judge and arbiter in disputes—being able to assert his leadership with his muscles when brains were unavailing.

As Washington grew up he at first conceived a passion for going to sea, but his mother dissuaded him from it, and he then took to learning engineering. At fifteen we find him keeping a diary, and in it there are evidences, in his own handwriting, that he had early fallen in love with some rural beauty, and that his first love repelled his passion. He was very shy and embarrassed, even when much older, in female society. An old lady who knew him said, "He was a very bashful young man; I used often to wish he would talk more." His unfortunate passion long clung to him; his diary exhibits frequent attempts to solace himself by breaking into amorous and plaintive verse. He bewails "his poor restless heart, wounded by Cupid's dart," and "bleeding for one who remains pitiless of his griefs and woes." Later he seems to have recovered from his early attachment, and we find him saying that he found the female society by which he was surrounded "had a soothing effect on his melancholy." Irving tells us how the charms of a Miss Carey, a sister of the bride of his friend George Fairfax (eldest son of Sir William Fairfax), "caused a slight fluttering in his bosom," which was rebuked, however, by a recollection of his former passion. Tradition says that the "lowland beauty," as he was wont to call his first love, was a Miss Grimes, who afterwards became the mother of General Harry Lee, a great favourite of Washington's when he was commander-in-chief, and father of General Robert E. Lee. Washington became intimate in the family of Sir William Fairfax, who had a fine estate at Belvoir, not far from his own home at Mount Vernon, on the Potomac. Lord Fairfax, Sir William's cousin, was lord of the manor, and became very much attached to young Washington. The lord was a great fox-hunter, keeping horses and hounds in the English fashion; and when the hunting season arrived the neighbourhood was found to be full of sport. Lord Fairfax, though doughty in the saddle, found Washington as bold, and eager, and enthusiastic as himself; whereon "he took him into peculiar favour, made him his hunting companion, and it was probably under the tuition of this hard-riding old nobleman that the youth imbibed that fondness for the chase for which he was afterwards remarked." It was Lord Fairfax who first called Washington's knowledge of practical surveying into use. His estates had never been surveyed, and were largely occupied by "squatters," who had coolly taken possession of many of the finest sites. So Washington set out upon his first surveying expedition when he was sixteen years old.

In a letter to his friend Robin he says: "My residence is at present at his lordship's, where I might, was my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly, as there's a very agreeable young lady lives in the same house (Col. G. Fairfax's wife's sister); but as that's only adding fuel to fire, it makes me the more uneasy, for often and unavoidably being in company with her, revives my former passion for your lowland beauty; whereas, was I to live more retired from young women, I might in some measure alleviate my sorrows by burying that chaste and

\* The announcement of Mr. Lowe's financial arrangements was followed by an immense demand upon the energies of a large section of the Customs department. Mr. Lowe's statement was made on Monday, April 11. Above 14,000 tea entries were passed into the Long Room on Tuesday, and about 100 clerks were detained at their duties until 11 o'clock at night. On Wednesday and Thursday the rush subsided, but the number of orders from country grocers received by the leading London houses is without a parallel. It is said the staff of one house in Eastcheap was occupied for two hours on Wednesday morning in opening the letters received by that post. The magnitude of the trade may be gathered from the following figures, for which we are indebted to official information:—

Date	Number of Documents.	Duty Paid.
April 12 . . . . .	14,364 . . . . .	73,711 16 0
" 13 . . . . .	4,858 . . . . .	23,375 0 0
	19,222	£97,086 16 0

troublesome passion in the grave of oblivion." When he went surveying he was at first somewhat loth to put up with the rougher exigencies of "camping out;" and on one occasion he was provided with a bedroom. "He soon undressed, but instead of

who gets the berth nearest the fire." His experiences with the backwoods folk, and the Indians whom he met with on this expedition, were curious, and are related in his diaries. At one house—the house of one of "his Majesty's justices of the peace"—there



*George Washington*

being nestled between sheets in a comfortable bed, as at the maternal home, he found himself on a couch of matted straw, under a threadbare blanket swarming with unwelcome bedfellows. After tossing about for a few moments, he was glad to put on his clothes again, and rejoin his companions before the fire." He, however, soon got accustomed to the rough life of the backwoods, liked it, and preferred the bivouac to the woodman's cabin. Writing to one of his friends at home—he was very fond, it seems, of friendly correspondence—he says: "I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed, but after walking a good deal all the day, have lain down before the fire upon a little straw or fodder, or a bearskin, whichever was to be had, with man, wife, and children, like dogs and cats; and happy is he

were neither forks nor knives at the table, except such as the guests might produce from their pockets. On one occasion the party met a war-troupe of Indians, who came prancing along, holding aloft a scalp as a martial trophy. For a little liquor and tobacco Washington, who was not a little fond of fun, bribed them to execute a war-dance. The music was a deerskin drum, "stretched over a pot half filled with water," and a gourd with some shot in it, and adorned with a horse's tail. It was a strange spectacle to young Washington, accustomed to aristocratic country life, and just from school—the outcries, and whooping, and yelling, the painted faces, the grotesque movements of the savages—and he sat watching it with absorbing interest, afterwards describing it at length in his journal.

Washington was very strict regarding punctuality. When some members of Congress arrived late at a dinner to which he invited them, he said, "Gentlemen, we are punctual here; my cook never asks whether the company has arrived, but whether the hour has." When in Boston, on one occasion, he appointed eight o'clock A.M. to set out for Salem. His escort was late, and he started out alone. The corps hurried after him, and caught him at Charlestown bridge. "Major," said the president, "I thought you had been too long in my family not to know when it was eight o'clock."

A very interesting account of Washington's courtship and marriage recently appeared in an American magazine. Washington was riding along one morning on a Virginia road, and met a friend, Colonel Curtis, an extensive planter in the neighbourhood. Washington was then twenty-five. Colonel Curtis invited him to stop over night at his place, called the "White House." Colonel Washington said that he could only stay half an hour, then he must hasten on to his post at Williamsburg. With him was his faithful body-servant, Bishop. The two gentlemen went in; Bishop waited and waited, but his master did not come. The event was, to the old servant, astounding, so strictly punctual was his master in all his habits. Two hours passed, and then a domestic came out with the intelligence that Colonel Washington would spend the night with Colonel Curtis, and ordering his horse to the stables. Next morning the same phenomenon occurred. Bishop was ordered to saddle the horses, the colonel would set out at once. He waited two, three hours, no master; four hours, and a servant came out and ordered the horses back again. Towards evening Washington at last mounted his horse, ready to depart. A rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed young lady appeared at the window; and the young officer, reining in his horse, waved her a gallant salute with his hand. This was his first sight of Mrs. Martha Curtis, the lovely young widow whom he was a year after to lead to the altar. The wedding took place in a little old-fashioned Episcopalian church, in New Kent county, named St. Peter's. Washington came dressed in a suit of blue and silver, lined with red silk, an embroidered waistcoat, powdered hair, and dress sword. The bride wore white satin, point lace ruffles, white satin shoes with high heels, and diamond buckles. The quiet country roads were all alive with the bustle of the occasion; the bride was followed by a dazzling array of lovely and richly-dressed girls; the royal vice-governor of Virginia, with his staff, was there. The gentry came in the rich costumes of the period, from many miles around; and Bishop himself, the faithful old negro body-servant, was there—"tall, gaunt, solemn"—in scarlet, with huge horseman's boots. With folded arms, and much emotion, he gazed on the ceremony with the rest. The ceremony over, the bride entered an enormous chariot of the period, with several of her bridesmaids; while the bridegroom vaulted into the saddle of a spirited steed, and cantered after the coach, attended by a number of gallant youths.

G. M. TOWLE, *Boston, Mass.*

\* \* Our illustration is interesting as being a copy of the latest portrait known to have been taken of General Washington. It is from a picture dated 1796, copied in enamel by the celebrated miniature painter Bone, enameller on copper to George III.

This miniature was deposited with Mr. Peabody by the original possessor, nominally in security for an advance of money. Mr. Peabody long retained it as one of his valued relics. He had it mounted as a brooch by Mr. John Biden, of Cheapside, who, in returning it, wrote a note containing his opinion, which was that "apart from its associations, it is a work of first-rate character in a branch of the arts not now to be obtained, for Bone has left no successor."

By Mr. Peabody the brooch was presented, in 1859, to a lady now in England. This lady informs us that she has seen every original likeness of Washington, and that the enamel represents him at a much more advanced age than any other known portrait. The miniature was originally in a small rosewood frame, still in the lady's possession, the back of which also bears the artist's name, W. Bone.

We have been kindly allowed to get a photograph (by Brown, of Sloane Street) taken from the enamel for our illustration.—ED. L. H.

## CAMBRIDGE AND ITS COLLEGES.

BY THE REV. F. ARNOLD.

V.

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, or Peterhouse, the eldest of the Cambridge colleges, may, after the great foundations of Trinity and St. John's, claim a kind of primacy among the smaller colleges, by reason of its antiquity. It is, moreover, a college in recent years greatly distinguished amongst small colleges by the high distinctions obtained by its members. Its history goes back for more than six hundred years. It was in the year 1257 that one Hugh de Balsham associated in the Hospital of St. John certain scholars with a religious order known as the Brothers of Penance. Now, when Hugh de Balsham was elected by his monks to be Bishop of Ely, the king was greatly aggrieved, saying that a man who had never left the walls of his cloister, and knew nothing of the world, was unfit for the office of a bishop. The monarch carried out his objections by devastating the estate of the see, seizing the lands, cutting down the woods, and hindering the worthy bishop's design for a college. It was after much difficulty and much delay that Hugh de Balsham was able to obtain his see and attend to the interests of his foundation. He found that the scholastic element and the monkish element had not worked well together, and that a separation was advisable. Accordingly, the scholars were removed to two hostels in Trumpington Street; "the master and brethren of the hospital appear to have been glad to be well quit of their companions." Hugh de Balsham also made over to the scholars St. Peter's Church, which for centuries served them as a chapel; and he moreover left them three hundred marks, with which they purchased land adjoining the chapel, on which they erected hall, kitchen, and buttery. The University of Cambridge, in honour of Hugh de Balsham, who had made this collegiate foundation, and rendered her many other services, resolved that there should be an annual commemoration of his memory, on the vigil of the Saints Vitus and Modistus, and there should be a service in the church of St. Peter, inasmuch as Hugh de Balsham "entirely devoted himself to the scholars, and diligently promoted their interest, convenience, and honour; with

charitable eyes and a pious mind, bestowing many benefits on the regents and poor scholars, and adorning the university with many privileges."

Ever since that remote day the college has been under the special protection of the bishops of Ely, and the bishop for the time being is *ex officio* visitor. The ensuing bishops gave large benefactions to the college, and, in particular, gave large additions to the library. The original college appears to have been burnt down in the beginning of the fifteenth century, but in the course of the century to have been rebuilt. The library was built by a master who flourished in Marian and Elizabethan days. In a map of his time of the town of Cambridge, Peterhouse is represented as consisting of a single court. A subscription was at this time opened for a chapel, which was eventually consecrated in 1632, of course by a bishop of Ely. This was very shortly before the time of the evil days of the Civil War. In that civil war Peterhouse suffered greatly, as it was reported to contain more "superstitious" images than most of the other colleges. "We found six angels on the windows," said the visitors, "all of which we defaced." The famous John Cosin, who was then master of the college, was ejected by the Parliament. The son of another very eminent master, named Beaumont, gave the college a handsome house on the other side of the street, which has always served as the master's lodge. It has now some grand pictures and a pleasant garden. Since that time the first court has been partly rebuilt; about a century ago a second court was added; and in the present century, by the munificence of the Rev. Francis Gisborne, once fellow of the college, some new fellowships were added, and the third, or Gisborne court, was erected.

It cannot be said that the college has any striking external features. The old church of St. Peter's still seems closely attached, to which it lends its name. The living is in the college gift. It is still recollected in Cambridge how Henry Melville, then fellow of St. Peter's, had this church, which he filled by his saintly eloquence, and here laid the foundations of his great pulpit fame. The college chapel is of that Italianised Gothic which was so highly approved by the seventeenth century and is so highly condemned by the nineteenth. The east window is a very fine specimen of the ancient style of coloured glass, and the eight side windows are fine examples of "the elegant Munich glass, so brilliant in colour, so lifelike in design, so vivid in conception." Some Norway oak in the chapel is observable. The garden of Peterhouse is among the finest in Cambridge, and is liberally thrown open to the public; there is also a grove of lime-trees, stocked with a small quantity of deer. Near the next hall there used to stand a very old room called the Stone Parlour, and in the panels of the wainscoting were curious old pictures, containing portraits of the college benefactors. This quaint Stone Parlour has been replaced by a modern combination room, possessing all the comfort and luxury for which modern combination rooms are justly eminent. St. Peter's College has given a number of bishops to the country, and an archbishop, in the person of the famous Whitgift; and besides the bishops, we should notice John Penry, the bishop-hater, the author of the *Martin Marprelate's Tracts*. Two of the translators of the English Bible were among its masters. Cardinal Beaufort is the great historic name of Peterhouse. The celebrated parlia-

mentarian, Colonel Hutchinson, was also a member; and that great magistrate, Edmund Law, Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough. It would, perhaps, be invidious to mention the remarkable mathematicians connected with Peterhouse of recent years, yet we may name Sir William Thomson, so honourably associated with the Atlantic telegraph.

St. Peter's College has always been, to a considerable extent, a lay college, and therefore a great favourite with able men who have not contemplated taking holy orders. Of the fourteen foundation fellows it was for many generations required that half should be of northern and half of southern counties. No county might have more than two fellows, save Middlesex, the metropolitan county, and Cambridgeshire, the university county. As the restrictions as to county sometimes proved injurious to good men, an alteration in the statutes was made in 1839, to the effect that not more than one-third of the fellowships should be filled by natives of the same county. Finally, by the statutes of 1860, this memorable limitation was altogether swept away. It is only necessary that three of the fellows should be in holy orders. A fellow has the option, within twelve months after his election, of declaring his intention of marrying, and in that case he may, though married, continue to hold his fellowship for a period of twelve years. The same privilege is extended to any fellow who is a university professor, or, by the consent of two-thirds of the fellows, to any one of their body who is tutor or lecturer of the college. All the scholarship funds are now consolidated into a common Open Scholarship Fund, wisely and judiciously applied to the encouragement of industry and learning.

We have omitted to mention one whom many consider the most illustrious ornament of St. Peter's College, although Pembroke College claims an equal or larger share in him. We mean that true poet, that truest poet of an unpoetic age, Thomas Gray. He was a member of St. Peter's College, but his fellow-students made him a butt through his studious habits and nervous temperament. It is said that he was extremely nervous on the subject of fire, and he always used to keep a rope ladder by him, that he might make his escape in case of an alarm of fire. Some of his comrades who knew of his rope ladder, one night placed under his bedroom window a large pail of water. Some of the men, who shared in what would now be called the "sell," raised the cry of fire at the poet's door. Gray immediately opened his window, and descended the ladder of ropes, which conducted him into his tub of water. This practical joke, the last of several others, determined Gray to quit Peterhouse for Pembroke.

Clare College has the second place in point of antiquity, and comes next on the University Calendar. We will accordingly repair to Clare College. Every one is struck with the neatness, the perfect finish, with the high degree of positive beauty which belongs to Clare. It is seen to the greatest advantage from the "leads" of the colleges, where Clare is conspicuous among many sumptuous buildings, standing amid lawns, or peeping from their foliage, while the stream is arched by graceful bridges, and the gay pleasure craft, a mimic fleet, are quietly waiting the leisure of their young lords in the afternoon. Clare has a very elegant stone bridge of three arches, which rather eclipses the very plain stone one be-

longing to the town, which comes next to it, and it has an ancient and very noble avenue of limes. The avenue is closed by a handsome iron gateway, which opens on a pleasant lawn, known as Clare Hall Piece, bordered by ancient and venerable elms. The master's lodge fronts the river, with a pleasant garden sloping to the stream; on the other side is the Fellows' Garden. The college itself consists of a single court, presenting its finest elevation towards the river. This has two ranges of pilasters, the lower Tuscan and the upper Ionic, finished with entablatures and balustrade. The Fives Court, built throughout of stone, is entered by two porticos of a highly ornamented character. Despite the far antiquity of the foundation, the present buildings are essentially modern. They were commenced in the time of Charles I, but were long interrupted by the Civil War. The quadrangle was not finished till the commencement of the present century. The chapel is situated outside the quadrangle, and is entered at its north-east corner by an octagonal ante-chapel lighted by a dome. There is here some fine Norway oak; the floor of black-and-white marble, and over the altar there is a good painting of the Salutation, and the communion-plate is of pure gold, richly embossed. The hall, a handsome room, has a gallery leading into the combination room, one of the finest in the university, with portraits of the foundress and of eminent men connected with the college. From the combination room we pass into the library, of almost exactly the same dimensions. In this library there is a copy of Pope Sixtus the Fifth's folio Bible, which is a very rare book, as it was vigorously suppressed. Such are the chief things to note in the very pretty College of Clare.

Originally it was known by the name of University Hall, founded by one Richard de Baden, a gentleman of Essex. His edifice was only slenderly endowed, and was burned down in 1338. Then the Lady Elizabeth de Clare, daughter and co-heiress of that famous baron, Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, rebuilt and endowed University Hall, and after that it was henceforth known as Clare Hall, and finally Clare College. Although Clare is now one of the smallest of colleges, at the time of the foundress it was one of the largest. It has been supposed that Chaucer was describing this college when he describes so humorously and curiously Cambridge college life in the fourteenth century. There is, however, no authority for saying that Chaucer ever belonged to the college. The tale is the "Miller of Trompington," and he calls the college "Soler Hall" (a name supposed to have been taken from a *soler*, or open gallery), and he says it was a large building—

"And namely there was a gret college  
Men classe the Soler-hall at Cantabrage."

The college sent their wheat and their barley to the miller of Trompington to be turned into flour and malt; but the miller is dishonest and rapacious, and takes advantage especially of the illness of the manacle to steal meal and corn to a most unconscionable extent. Then two of the scholars ask the varden if they may be allowed to carry the corn to the mill to protect it against the miller by seeing it actually ground.

"Forth go Alein the clerk, and also John,  
With good sword and with bokeler by his side."

The old College of Clare appears to have stood close to the spot now occupied by King's College

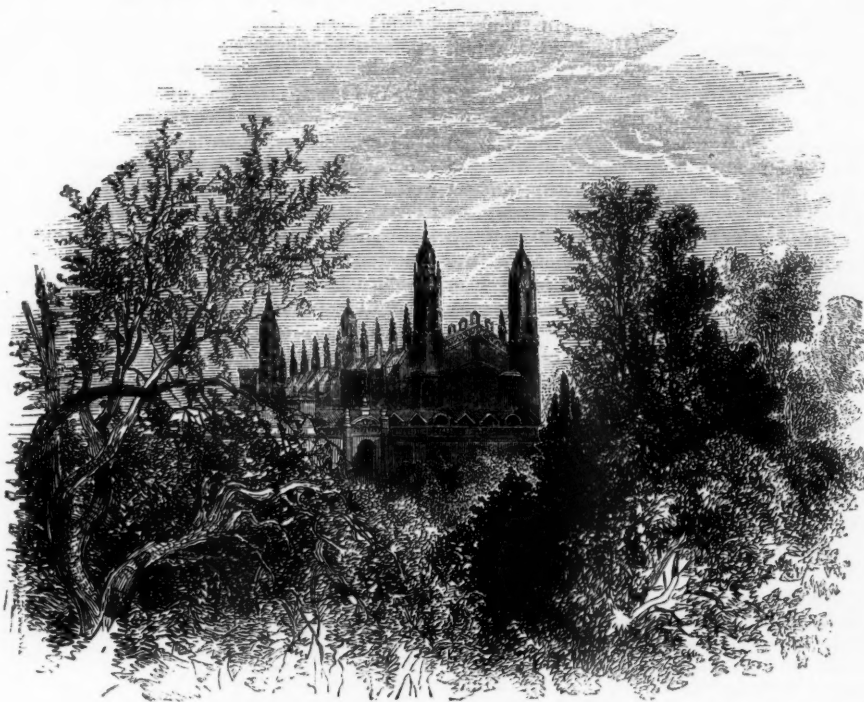
Chapel. In 1525 a considerable section of it was destroyed by fire. It was at Clare College that the famous comedy of "Ignoramus" was enacted before the delighted king James I. The quarrel between the common law and the canon law was then at its height, and James was altogether against the common law. The production of "Ignoramus" is an important point, both in history and the history of literature. The author was George Ruggle, who gave the college much money and plate. Other illustrious literary names may be enumerated as belonging to Clare: Langhorne, the translator of Plutarch; Parkhurst, the lexicographer; the illustrious Ralph Cudworth, who was master of the college and author of the famous "Intellectual System;" the pious Nicholas Ferrar, who in his retreat for many years literally caused prayer to be made without ceasing. There is a reverse side to be exhibited to these illustrious names, for to Clare belonged the unfortunate Dr. Dodd, executed for forgery. Dodd would have been now celebrated as a commentator and an orator, had not his literary been obscured by his felonious fame.

We are not governed by any considerations of contiguity, and wander "at our own sweet will" among the colleges. We now accordingly proceed to Emmanuel, a college which has an important place of its own in the religious history of the country. Its site was once occupied by a house of Dominican Friars, black or preaching friars, but on the dissolution of the monasteries the land was granted away by the king, and it eventually came into the possession of Sir Walter Mildmay, one of the most honest and most able of the ministers of Queen Elizabeth. Sir Walter was a Puritan, and it was understood that he especially meant his college to be a college for Puritans. He was, according to Fuller, "in a court cloud, but in the sunshine of his country and a clear conscience." Fuller relates that the Queen, meeting him soon after the foundation of his college, said to him, "So, Sir Walter, I hear you have erected a Puritan foundation." "No, madam," was his reply, "far 'tis from me to countenance anything contrary to your established laws; but I have set an acorn, which, when it becomes an oak, God alone knows what will be the fruit thereof." Fuller, writing in 1634, says: "Sure I am, at this day it hath overshadowed all the universities, more than a moiety of the present masters of colleges being bred therein."

Mr. Everett, the accomplished American writer, has an eloquent passage on Emmanuel College:—"This is why Emmanuel College is of such tender interest to us. This it is which makes every New England visitor to Cambridge hurry away from the hall of Trinity, the library of Magdalen, the chapel of King's, to gaze with pious reverence on the ancient halls where his sainted ancestors stood forth against the bigotry and intolerance of the whole university, and the virgin Queen herself, to worship God after their own fashion. The Romanising tradition of Whitgift and Bancroft had prescribed that all churches and chapels must be built in a line east and west. But the founder of Emmanuel had learnt from his Euclid that a limited straight line can be produced in a straight line in any direction, and determined to give not the slightest countenance to superstition; he drew the line of his chapel north and south, for he knew that too could be produced from

earth to heaven. It was at Emmanuel that were educated most of the learned ministers who exchanged their dear native country, their parsonage-houses peeping out from above the beeches, and their ancient ivy-grown parish churches, where men had worshipped for eight centuries, for the trackless forest. It was from Emmanuel that there went forth Hooker and Shepard and Higginson and John Cotton to carry the lamp of the gospel and the

The fine hall has a music gallery, two lofty oriel windows, and a portrait of the founder and other members of the society. The library has 20,000 volumes and some valuable mss.\* Among the books is one, printed by Fauer, which belonged to Prince Henry, the elder brother of Henry the Eighth. The frontage of the college is finely built, and is long and imposing. We pass through an arcade into the principal court, and on the east



KING'S CHAPEL AND CLARE COLLEGE, FROM THE GARDENS.

scarcely less glorious lamp of liberty all over the wastes of New England. It was from Emmanuel that John Harvard came to make his will in favour of the colleges at Newtown, and then die. These were the children that Emmanuel sent forth to help the struggling colony of the Massachusetts. They knew how to extend the transepts of their chapel east and west from the Atlantic to the Pacific; they knew how to extend their nave, and choir, and chancel, north and south from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf; that when hatred and strife had vanished there might rise in one chorus from every aisle of the nation's vast cathedral, this universal song:—

'Ay, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod;  
They have left unstained what there they found,  
Freedom to worship God.'

When Sancroft, however, was master—one of the seven bishops of the Tower, and afterwards deposed from the Archbishopric of Canterbury, as a non-juror—a new chapel was erected, duly turned east and west, and the old one was turned into the library. The architect was Sir Christopher Wren.

side of this there is another arcade of eleven arches. Over this latter arcade there is a fine picture-gallery belonging to the master's lodge, with some portraits by Lely, Gainsborough, Romney, and others. The college possesses a very magnificent founder's cup, ascribed to Benvenuto Cellini, and certainly most elaborately ornamented after his manner. Its rôle of eminent men includes Bishop Joseph Hall, of Norwich; Bishop Percy, the editor of the "Reliques of Early English Poetry;" Matthew Poole, the synoptist; John Barnes, the scholar. But there is no member of whom the college is more proud than Dr. Samuel Parr. The college boasts the possession of his pipe, tobacco-box, and stopper, the former of wood set in silver.

All kinds of Cambridge stories are afloat respecting the terrible Parr in the town of wits. He had a trenchant way in his talk which often overstepped the limits of good manners, and which made him a very awkward antagonist. Gunning speaks of one occasion when he met him at the lodge of Caius College, with two distinguished members of St. John's College. Parr was in high spirits, and attacked the Johnians unmercifully. One of them was

Herbert Marsh, the future bishop, who was then supposed to be on the high road to promotion, and perhaps even then known for his high sacerdotal views. At length Marsh said, "You must come and dine with me, Mr. Parr, on the earliest day you can fix, as I am only making a short stay at Cambridge." Parr replies, "I cannot dine with you, but I have no objection to smoking a pipe one evening." "Indeed, Dr. Parr, that will not satisfy me: I wish you would spend a long day with me, if any day can be considered long when you are of the party." "Oh, Master Marsh!" he replied, "don't imagine you can disarm me by those civil speeches." He then returned to the attack, which Marsh had interrupted, with renewed vigour. Among other remarks, Gunning says he recollects the following, addressed to Marsh: "Do you not remember our meeting on the sea-coast, when you were just returned from Leipsic? You told me you were engaged, and you showed me the picture of your intended bride! I discovered a tear in your eye; you tried to conceal it. 'Don't be ashamed of it,' I observed, 'it indicates a better feeling than often actuates the heart of the priest, the Johnian, and the aspiring professor of divinity.'" A still more severe story is told of Parr's repartee to Sir James Macintosh. Parr and his friends always accused Macintosh of apostasy from the cause of political liberty. One day these two distinguished men were present at a dinner party, and the conversation turned on the Irish rebels of '98. Macintosh said of one of them, "He was the worst of men." Parr looked fixedly at him, and in a spiteful voice, almost unintelligible from a peculiar lisp, hissed out, "No, Sir James, he was a very bad man, but he was not the worst of men. He was an Irishman, he might have been a Scotchman; he was a priest, he might have been a lawyer; he was a traitor, Sir James, he might have been an apostate." We are glad, however, to know that Parr and Macintosh became cordially reconciled, and continued very good friends till the last. Parr stands to Cambridge much in the same relationship that Johnson stands to Oxford. Both left the university without taking a degree, both, probably, from the same reason—a failure of pecuniary means. Yet honest, violent Parr got into a quiet harbour after much tossing about on unquiet waters, and even rode in his coach and four at last.

We will take one more college to-day, and it shall be Sidney-Sussex. Its history is exactly parallel to that of Emmanuel. It was built on the site of a monastery; the land was given away by Henry VIII, and then purchased by the executors of a worthy lady who had left a considerable sum for the foundation of a college. This lady was the Lady Frances, daughter of Sir William Sidney, and wife of an Earl of Sussex, whence the name Sidney-Sussex. She was the aunt of Sir Philip Young. Her bequest, hardly sufficient for its purpose, was amply supplemented by the kindness of other benefactors. Sidney-Sussex and Emmanuel have other points of likeness. They were described together in the time of Charles I as the "nurseries of Puritanism." The great historical chief of Puritanism, Oliver Cromwell, was a member of Sidney-Sussex. The entry of his matriculation is still to be seen on the college books: "Oliverus Cromwell, Huntingdoniensis, admissus ad commentum sociorum. Aprilis vicesimo sexto; tutore Mag<sup>o</sup> Ricardo Howlet" (1616). So notable an entry

has not been left unmarked by zealous royalists. We find an interpolation calling him "grandis impostor," and "earnifex perditissimus," and stating that he usurped the throne and vexed the country with unrelenting tyranny for five years under the name of its protector. There appears to be no reason for the allegation sometimes made that he led a dissolute life at Cambridge. He left Cambridge without taking a degree, probably because his means failed him through his father's death. Tradition still points out an oriel window projecting into Bridge Street as the window of his old rooms. Subsequently he lived for a short time in a small tenement at Cambridge; and in 1641 he promptly secured Cambridge to the parliament. He was high steward for the town, and his son Richard for a time sat in parliament for the university.

In 1852 Mr. Wyatt, better known as Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, took the whole college in hand, and effected a general restoration of it. In the present day Sir Jeffrey undergoes much architectural abuse, but he certainly made Windsor Castle one of the most convenient as well as splendid of royal abodes. Before that time the college was a gloomy irregular pile in red brick and stone; it is now faced throughout with cement. The master's lodge is one of the finest in the university, and the grounds are as extensive as they are delightful. On the north of the college is the very pleasant garden belonging to the fellows. The master's lodge possesses Cooper's famous portraits in crayons of Oliver Cromwell, the best likeness extant, and one which has been frequently copied; a modern collector has been known to travel two hundred miles to see it. It was presented to the college in 1765 by Mr. Brand Hollis, in a highly curious and characteristic way. The master, Dr. Ellison, received a letter stating that on a certain day two gentlemen would bring a portrait of Cromwell; but that he must not see them nor say anything, but only stand at the top of the staircase, and after receiving it say, "I have it." In the library there is a bust of Cromwell, executed by the celebrated Bernini, from a plaster impression taken from Oliver's face after his death, and sent to Italy; the countenance bears a great resemblance to Cooper's portrait. A contemporary of Oliver Cromwell's at Sidney-Sussex, was the famous bishop, Seth Ward, "a great politician, but a very indifferent theologian." Sidney-Sussex has, like Emmanuel, given a fair quota of bishops, among whom may be mentioned, besides Seth Ward, Montague (so conspicuous in early Carolinian history), Archbishop Bramhall, the profound Anglican writer, and Thomas Wilson, the saintly Bishop of Sodor and Man, whose character stood so high that the French cruisers were forbidden to touch his diocese, and who found in our own generation so congenial a biographer as the late Mr. Keble, whose character in many ways greatly resembles that of good Bishop Wilson.

#### CURIOSITIES OF STREET NAMES.

As to the vain repetitions exhibited in the names of our streets, not the least conspicuous among the evils of our overgrown metropolis, they require a speedier and more wholesale curtailment, if the obvious convenience of its inhabitants be in the least consulted. We have analysed in a tabular form with

some care the street-index before us, and recommend the result to the attention of those who possess the means of remedy. The first column is taken from a calculation of Brayley in 1826; and a comparison with the figures at present, indicated in the second column, will show that the evil has steadily increased:—

Name of Street.	No. in 1826.	Present Number.	Abolished since 1856.	Name of Street.	No. in 1826.	Present Number.	Abolished since 1856.
King . . .	99	95	20	Edward . . .	57	11	
Queen . . .	75	99	32	Frederick . . .	50	9	
Princes . . .	46	78	9	William . . .	88	13	
Regent . . .	...	38	5	Elizabeth . . .	57	23	
George . . .	76	109	19	Church . . .	57	151	10
John . . .	53	119	21	Chapel . . .	32	69	4
Charles . . .	41	91	9	Union . . .	72	129	19
James . . .	26	87	14	Cross . . .	33	65	4
Thomas . . .	...	58	...	High . . .	12	58	5
Henry . . .	...	47	6	New . . .	...	116	9
Alfred . . .	...	54	18				

North Street and South Street are repeated over 90 times, East Street and West Street, nearly 50; and South-East Place is found to rival Great-New Street in absurdity. Besides these are upwards of 70 Albion Streets, 27 London Streets, and 19 Britannia Streets. Forty-eight thoroughfares bear each the names of Garden and Orchard, 113 that of Grove, and 113 of Park, divided into the variations of street, road, row, terrace, place, lane, court, alley, etc., generally distinctions without meaning or significance, and doubtful palliatives of this bewildering monotony. It is needless to dwell on the importance of precision of reference, increasing every year with the growth of the capital; but if any evidence is wanted to show the necessity of some uniform system in our street-nomenclature, whereby the evils entailed by this "damnable iteration" may be abridged, the difficulties experienced by any one not thoroughly acquainted with London, nay, the perplexities of the postman himself, would furnish an instant and conclusive answer.

In connection with the reform which this confusion worse confounded demands, lies a question of equal interest as regards the future, viz., the selection of names for the new streets which are almost daily being added to this "province of houses." It is idle, no doubt, to attempt to imitate the past, in commemorating facts of local history; for modern London possesses few features of topographical interest which could be thus represented. But there is no reason why the names of illustrious men, and the memory of national achievements, should not be systematically recorded in our street-calendar. "This would at least preserve them," remarks the author of the "Curiosities of Literature" with pardonable enthusiasm, "from the corruption of the people, and exhibit a perpetual monument of moral feeling, and of glory, to the rising genius of every age." *Tripe Court*, Whitechapel, so called from the father of Strype, the historian, who once inhabited that dingy precinct; *Cobham Row*, Islington, the site of the mansion of the ill-fated Oldcastle, Baron Cobham; and *Czar Street*, Deptford, once the daily resort of Peter the Great, are all names to be preserved; indeed the number of street-names thus locally identified with great men might undoubtedly be considerably enlarged, in spite

of the changes in the localities themselves. It would seem scarcely necessary to revert to Rome and Greece for assistance; but *Socrates Place*, *Trajan Street*, *Virgil Place*, *Horace Terrace*, and *Hannibal Road*, have all found a place in our street-directory. *Cato Street* has been altered to *Homer Street*, and a district of Camberwell bears the imposing title of *Troy Town*.

We are no advocates of an indiscriminate system of hero-worship in our street-nomenclature; but neither can any objection be raised against thus immortalising our distinguished countrymen, provided that discretion guide the choice of names. We may borrow a lesson in this matter from the French, as all who are familiar with Paris will acknowledge; and we recommend to our parochial authorities an examination of Didot's "Annuaire," as a useful instance of what judgment and method may achieve. *Garriick Street* forms an honourable exception to our prevailing poverty of selection; and the conversion of the notorious *Grub Street* into *Milton Street* is not less appropriate than interesting, in point of contrast, from the fact that the poet was buried in the adjoining Cripplegate. Addison's name is preserved in Kensington from his residence at Holland House, but, with these exceptions, our literary celebrities are scarcely represented, and Shakespeare must be content at present with a tardy recognition in the suburbs. If the converse is any test of popularity—and we are not at all prepared to dispute it—strong evidence might be adduced of the hold that martial reputation has taken on the popular mind. Such, for example, is the mention of Collingwood (12), and Rodney (6); of Napier (11), Havelock (10), Raglan, and Outram. *Cumberland Street* takes its name from the hero of Culloden; *Blenheim Street* and *Great Marlborough Street* (once a centre of fashion) from the Duke of Marlborough, who was alive when they were begun. Upwards of 80 streets bear the name of Wellington, and nearly 50 that of Nelson; and the triumphs of our arms are commemorated by Quebec Street, built in 1752; by nearly 30 streets named from Trafalgar and 40 from Waterloo, besides Vittoria (10), Salamanca (5), Talavera (2), and Alma, Inkermann, and Balaclava. Our statesmen are less fortunate, few of them being thus commemorated. *Chatham Place* still survives, but Pitt Bridge soon exchanged its first title for the earlier associations of Blackfriars. Royalty has received a more ample recognition. *King Street* and *Henrietta Street*, Covent Garden; *Queen Street*, Lincoln's Inn Fields; and *Rupert Street*, Haymarket, are associated in point of date with Charles I, and his wife and nephew; *Portugal Row* with Catherine of Portugal, the wife of Charles II; *James Street* and *York Street*, Covent Garden, with the Duke of York, afterwards James II; *Nassau Street*, Soho, with William of Nassau, afterwards William III; *Osnaburg Row*, Pimlico, with the Duke of York, Bishop of Osnaburg, and second son of George III; and *King William Street* and *Adelaide Street*, Strand, with William IV, in whose reign those improvements were made. Since then a multitude of Regent Streets has been called into existence in almost every part of the metropolis; and besides the names of Victoria and Albert, repeated each above a hundred times—a striking proof, if not of our loyalty, at least of the recent growth of London—the history of the reigning dynasty is abundantly recorded in the titles

of York (127), Gloucester (87), Cambridge (56), Brunswick (76), and Hanover (35). The ethical meaning, if any, of these statistics we are not curious to inquire; but they afford sufficient proof of the evils of a good system mismanaged. The same exaggeration pervades an otherwise legitimate class of street-names, viz., that derived from the rolls of the peerage, without reference to circumstances of local interest to which many undoubtedly owe their origin. Devonshire claims 70 streets of that name and Norfolk 60; Clarence and Richmond 50 each; Carlton, Clifton, Russell, Sussex, and Warwick, upwards of 40; Claremont, Dorset, Essex, Lansdowne, and Oxford come next with 30; and Salisbury, Suffolk, Southampton, Winchester, and Wilton, with more than 20 each.

We may mention some curiosities of our street-literature, leaving our readers to discover their meaning. Such are *Halfpenny Alley*, *All-farthing Lane*, *Bandy-leg Walk*, *Shoulder-of-mutton Alley*, *Cat's-castle*, *Hen-and-Chicken Lane*, *Noah's-ark Alley*, *Jacob's-well Passage*, *XX Place*, *Shoot-up-hill Lane*, *Seven Sisters Road*, etc. Their singularity is, perhaps, the best claim to preservation, though their inhabitants, we suspect, would be sorely puzzled to account for their derivation. *Turnagain Lane* is a homely but expressive description of a *cul-de-sac*, and dates as far back as Edward III; and *Honey Lane* is a curious instance of the *lucus à non*, being so called, says Stow, "not of sweetness thereof, but rather of often washing and sweeping to keep it clean." It is to be hoped that the two *Cut-throat Lanes* in the suburbs may be similarly explained. *Do-little Lane*, described by Stow as a "street with no shops," has disappeared, but *Labour-in-vain Street* is found in Shadwell. *Chick Lane*, Newgate, after passing through the titles of *Stinking Lane*, and *Butcher-hall Lane*, is now dignified with that of *King Edward Street*; but *Pig's Alley* and *Sheepgut Lane* have survived the extinction of *Blowbladder Street*. The foreign element in the seafaring population at the East-end, in the neighbourhood of the docks, is represented by *Jamaica Street*, *Hong-Kong Terrace*, *Chaur-Ghur Row* (lately altered to *Cable Street*), *Chin-Chu Cottages*, *Bombay Street*, and *Norway Place*; and an obscure thoroughfare in Shoreditch retains the enviable appellation of the *Land of Promise*. Some names of equal absurdity distinguish those accumulations of ephemeral lath and plaster, the stuccoed villas or "*bijou residences*" of our suburban districts. Such are *Hephzibah Terrace* and *Tryphena Place*; the 14 *Ebenezer Places*; *Elysium* and *Paradise Rows*, repeated *ad nauseam*; *Grove-villas Crescent* and *Union Vale*; the *Acacia Villas* of Marylebone; *Belinda* and *Belitha Villas*; the 10 *Medina Villas*, and the 14 *Bellevue Terraces*. There are 12 *Broadways*, and 11 *Mount Pleasants*; 17 streets divide between them the names of *The Avenue*, *The Crescent*, and *The Terrace*; 23 are called *The Grove*, and 4 *The Paragon*; besides the silly affectations of *The Colonnade*, *The Lawn*, *The Parade*, *The Cedars*, and *The Sweep*. These rural conceits, however foolish, because nearly always meaningless and inappropriate, may perhaps be excused in the country; but within the radius of the postal districts of the metropolis convenience alone should require the abolition of these bombastic symbols of the *rus in urbe*. One, at least, of the evils of an overgrown capital will be removed, when necessity demands the complete revision of our modern street-nomenclature. —*Edinburgh Review*.

## Varieties.

**A GEOLOGIST UPON FLINTS.**—Sir Roderick Murchison, writing to complain of the system of road repairing in Belgrave Square (where he resides), makes use of a geological illustration. "At various periods of the year numerous cartloads of rough, unbroken flints are poured out, and, being equably spread over the whole surface, are then left. . . . The frequent conversion of our square into this peculiar quarry of chalk flints has resulted in the fact that the central part of the road is already much higher than its sides. I am left to suppose that the parochial or public operator who has produced this phenomenon is determined to convince an old geologist like myself what a wonderful amount of denudation can be produced by the diurnal friction of comparatively small bodies, and the occasional descent of water from that central elevation which he himself has created in our roadway." Complaint and appeal in every form seem in vain against the cruel and slovenly system of crushing the metal of our roadways by the feet of horses and wheels of carriages.

**ILLUMINATION OF ST. PETER'S.**—The tramontana was still blowing, not hard, indeed, but enough to make the task of the 365 lamplighters employed not only unpleasant but difficult. In a perfect calm the right course is to go first to the Piazza of St. Peter's, and see all the lines of the architecture picked out in light. I elected to take first the view from the Pincian. At that distance the mischance of a few lamps here or there did not signify; and what one saw was an edifice not so much illuminated as itself of fire. I never saw the architectural design to better advantage, inasmuch that I said to myself, "Now, this is St. Peter's as it existed in the architect's mind before he had to do it in stone and lead." Yet there is a novelty in the fiery design. The outline of the dome and the cupola surmounting it becomes more flowing and graceful, and acquires even an Oriental character. At that distance the illuminated colonnade vaguely suggests a region of light out of which rises its own fitting temple. The sky was a clear green, and the stars a pale blue, over the redder fires of human art. The sword of Orion hung just over the cross as the illumination was completed. But the chief contrast was that of the glowing pile with all the domes and towers and towering edifices between us, on the Pincian, and the fading twilight. In a moment—and had one not been looking that way, one must have missed it—a shower or mantle of brighter glory seemed to fall from heaven, and, beginning with the cross, changed every light to a brighter and purer flame. It is scarcely possible to conceive how it is done, but the change is really instantaneous. At first the wind blew flakes and sheets of fire far away from every part, as in our own city conflagrations, but soon the lights were all as steady as before, and much more brilliant. The effect is due not to a multitude of smaller lights, but, I believe, to only 4,000 large ones—literally fire-pots. By this arrangement the design of the dome is improved, even in its lower portion, or bulb, the lines being relieved with what we should call lozenge-shaped interruptions. Later in the night, when even the larger lamps were beginning to expire, and the smaller ones were mostly out, I went to the Piazza. From the bridge of St. Angelo, what one saw was a mountain, as irregular as an Alp, and any height one might imagine, for it might be near and it might be far, all of a glow, as if it had burst out of the burning centre of the earth by the fracture of its crust. It looked an incandescent mass, the stones only glowing somewhat less vividly than the flames themselves, bursting out where they could. The Piazza itself was almost as light as day, and, as it were, wrapped in the surrounding, though now expiring flames. So closed Easter Day, 1870.—*The Correspondent of the Times*.

**OVERWORK.**—One day I asked the servant if any person had called, and was told some one had. "Who was it?" "Oh, it's the little gentleman that *aye rins when he walks*." So I wish this age would walk more and run less. A man can walk farther and longer than he can run, and it is poor saving to get out of breath. A man who lives to be seventy, and has ten children, and perhaps five-and-twenty grandchildren, is of more use to the State than three men who die at thirty, it is to be hoped unmarried. However slow a coach seventy may have been, and however energetic and go-a-head the three thirties, I back the tortoise against the hare in the long run. I am constantly seeing men who suffer, and indeed die, from living too fast; from true, though not consciously immoral dissipation, or scattering of their lives.—*Dr. John Brown's Hints on Health*.